OF THE

USE of RICHES,

AN

EPISTLE

To the Right Honourable

ALLEN Lord *BATHURST.*

By Mr. POPE.

The SECOND EDITION.

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BY W. POPE

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

AN

HEROI-COMICAL POEM

OF THE

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AN EPISTLE

To the Right Honorable

ALLEN Lord *BATHURST.*

WHO ſhall decide, when Doctors diſ-agree,
And ſoundeſt Caſuiſts doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the ſtanding Jeſt of Heav'n,
And Gold but ſent to keep the Fools in play,
For half to heap, and half to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our Kind,
(And ſurely Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the ſhining Miſchief under ground:
But when, by Man's audacious Labor won,
Flam'd forth this Rival to its Sire the Sun,
Then, in plain proſe, were made two ſorts of men,
To ſquander ſome, and ſome to hide agen.
Like Doctors thus, when much Diſpute has paſt,
We find our Tenets juſt the ſame at laſt:
Both fairly owning Riches in effect
No Grace of Heav'n, or Token of th' Elect;
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To W–rd, to W—t—rs, Ch—rs, and the Devil.
What Nature wants, commodious Gold beſtows,
'Tis thus we eat the bread another ſows:
But how unequal it beſtows, obſerve,
'Tis thus we riot, while who ſow it, ſtarve.
What Nature wants (a phraſe I much diſtruſt)
Extends to Luxury, extends to Luſt;
And if we count among the Needs of life
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?

~~1710~~ 180

Useful, we grant, it serves what life requires,
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires:
Trade it may help, Society extend;
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend:
It raises Armies in a nation's aid,
But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

Oh! that such Bulky bribes as all might *see*
Still, as of old, encumber'd Villainy!
In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,
If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave.
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
What could they more than knights and squires con-
Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? [found,
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil,
"Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oyl;
"Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
"A hundred Oxen at your levee roar.

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
Nor could Profusion squander all, in kind.
Astride his Cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
And Worldly crying Coals from street to street,

Whom

Whom with a Wig ſo wild, and Mien ſo maz'd,
Pity miſtakes for ſome poor Tradeſman craz'd.
Had H—wl—y's fortune layn in Hops and Hogs,
Scarce H—wl—y's ſelf had ſent it to the dogs.
His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
With ſpurning heels and with a butting head;
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient Games,
Fair Courſers, Vaſes, and alluring Dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the ſtakes he ſweep,
Bear home ſix Whores, and make his Lady weep?
Or ſoft Adonis, ſo perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of Swine?
Oh filthy Check on all induſtrious skill,
To ſpoil the Nation's laſt great Trade, Quadrille!
Once, we confeſs, beneath the Patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bagg the dropping Guinea ſpoke,
And gingling down the back-ſtairs, told the Crew,
"Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you."
Bleſt Paper-credit! that advanc'd ſo high,
Shall lend Corruption lighter wings to fly!

* *Beneath the Patriot's Cloak.*] This is a true Story, which happen'd in the Reign of King William, to an eminent unſuſpected old Patriot; who coming out at the Back-door from having been cloſeted by the King, where he had received a large Bag of Guineas, the Burſting of the Bag diſcover'd his Buſineſs there.

Gold

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Gold, imp'd with this, may compaſs hardeſt things,
May pocket States, or fetch or carry Kings;
A ſingle Leaf may waft an Army o'er,
Or ſhip off Senates to ſome diſtant ſhore;
A Leaf like Sybil's, ſcatter to and fro
Our Fates and Fortunes, as the winds ſhall blow.

Well then, ſince with the world we ſtand or fall,
Come take it as we find it, Gold and all.

What Riches give us, let us firſt enquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths; what more? Meat, cloaths, and fire.
Is this too little? wou'd you more than live?
Alas 'tis more than Tu * * r finds they give.
Alas 'tis more than (all his Viſions paſt)
Unhappy Wh * * n waking found at laſt!
What can they give? to dying †H * p * s, Heirs?
To Chartres, Vigour? Japhet, Noſe and Ears?

† A Citizen whoſe Rapacity obtain'd him the Name of Vultur. He dy'd worth three hundred thouſand Pounds, and left it to no Perſon living, but to the firſt Son that ſhould be born of the firſt Daughter of his next Relation. Being told by his Lawyer, that it would probably be thirty Years before his Money could be inherited, and it muſt all that time lie at Intereſt, he anſwer'd, He liked it the better, and ſo died.

Japhet, Noſe and Ears.] Japhet Crook alias Sir Peter Stranger, was puniſh'd with the Loſs of thoſe Parts, for having forg'd a Conveyance of an Eſtate to himſelf, upon which he took up ſeveral Thouſand Pounds. He was at the ſame time ſued in Chancery on ſuggeſtion of having fraudulently obtain'd a Will, by which he poſſeſt another very conſiderable Eſtate, in wrong of the Brother of the Deceas'd.

Can they in Gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's Buckle eaſe the Throbs below?
Or heal, old Narſes, thy obſcener ail,
With all th' Embroid'ry plaiſter'd at thy Tail?
They might, (were Harpax not too wiſe to ſpend)
Give Harpax ſelf the Bleſſing of a Friend;
Or find ſome Doctor, that wou'd ſave the Life
Of wretched Shylock, ſpite of Shylock's Wife.
But thouſands die, without or this, or that,
Die, and endow a College, or a *Cat:
To ſome indeed Heav'n grants the happier Fate
T'enrich a Baſtard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part?
B*nd damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
The grave Sir G * * t holds it for a Rule,
That every Man in want is Knave or Fool:
"God cannot love, (ſays Bl * t, with lifted eyes)
"The Wretch he ſtarves" — and piouſly denies:
But Rev'rend S * * n with a ſofter Air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's Care.

* A famous Dutcheſs in her laſt Will left conſiderable Annuities and Legacies to her Cats.

Yet,

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Yet, to be juſt to theſe poor Men of Pelf,
Each does but hate his Neighbour as himſelf:
Damn'd to the Mines, an equal Fate betides
The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.
Who ſuffer thus, meer Charity ſhould own
Muſt act on Reaſons pow'rful tho' unknown:
Some War, ſome Plague, ſome Famine they foreſee,
Some Revelation, hid from you and me.
Why S—l—k wants a Meal, the cauſe is found,
He thinks a Loaf will riſe to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on Ven'ſon when it ſold ſo dear. *
Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?
Phryne foreſees a General Exciſe.
Why ſhe and Lesbia raiſe that monſtrous Sum?
Alas! they fear a Man will coſt a Plum.

Wiſe Peter ſees the World's reſpect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be ſold:
Glorious Ambition! Peter, ſwell thy ſtore,
And be what Rome's great * Didius was before.

In the Extravagance and Luxury of the South-Sea Year, the Price of a Haunch of Veniſon was from three to five pounds.

* A Roman Lawyer, ſo rich as to purchaſe the Empire, when it was ſet to Sale by the Prætorian Bands on the Death of Pertinax.

The

The Crown of Poland venal twice an Age
To juſt three Millions ſtinted modeſt —.
But nobler Scenes Maria's Dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and Worlds of Gold.
Congenial Souls! whoſe Life one Av'rice joins,
And one Fate buries in th'* Aſturian Mines.

Much-injur'd Bl—t! why bears he Britain's hate?
A Wizard told him in theſe words our fate.
"At length Corruption, like a gen'ral Flood,
"(So long by watchful Miniſters withſtood)
"Shall deluge all; and Av'rice creeping on,
"Spread like a low-born Miſt, and blot the Sun;
"Stateſman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
"Peereſs and Butler ſhare alike the Box,
"The Judge ſhall job, the Biſhop bite the Town,
"And mighty Dukes pack Cards for half a crown.
"See Britain ſunk in Lucre's ſordid charms,
"And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's Arms!
No poor Court-Badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain,
No Lordly Luxury, no City Gain:

* Two perſons of diſtinction, each of whom in the time of the Miſſiſſipi deſpiſed to realize above three hundred thouſand pound; the Gentleman with a view to the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a Viſion of the like nature. They ſince retir'd together into Spain, where they are ſtill in ſearch of Gold in the Mines of the Aſturies.

But,

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But 'twas thy righteous End, aſham'd to ſee
Senates degen'rate, Patriots diſagree,
And nobly wiſhing Party Rage to ceaſe,
To buy both Sides, and give thy Country Peace.
" All this is madneſs, cries a ſober Sage,
But who, my Friend, has Reaſon in his Rage?
The ruling Paſſion, be it what it will,
The ruling Paſſion conquers Reaſon ſtill.
Leſs mad the wildeſt Whimſey we can frame,
Than ev'n that Paſſion, if it has no Aim;
For tho' ſuch Motives Folly you may call,
The Folly's greater to have none at all.
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each Paſſion ſends,
And diff'rent Men directs to diff'rent Ends.
" Extremes in Nature equal Good produce,
" Extremes in Man concur to general Uſe.
Ask we what makes one keep, and one beſtow?
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow;
Bids Seed-time, Harveſt, equal courſe maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd Extremes of Drought and Rain;
Builds Life on Death; on Change Duration founds,
And gives th' eternal Wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like Inſects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for Wings, and in their Seaſon, fly.
Who ſees pale Mammon pine amidſt his Store,
Sees but a backward Steward for the Poor;
This Year a Reſervoir, to keep and ſpare,
The next, a Fountain ſpouting thro' his Heir,
In laviſh Streams to quench a Country's thirſt,
And Men, and Dogs, ſhall drink him till they burſt.

Old Cotta ſham'd his fortune, and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the uſe of barb'rous Spits forgot)
His Kitchen vy'd in coolneſs with his Grot;
His Court with Nettles, Moat with Creſſes ſtor'd,
With Soups unbought, and Sallads, bleſt his board.
If Cotta liv'd on Pulſe, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the Rich, was prodigal expence,
And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like ſome lone Chartreuſe ſtands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and Faſts within the wall;
No rafter'd Roofs with Dance and Tabor ſound,
No Noontide-bell invites the Country round;

Tenants

[II]

Tenants with ſighs the ſmoakleſs Tow'rs ſurvey,
And turn th' unwilling Steeds another way,
Benighted wanderers, the Foreſt o'er,
Curſe the ſav'd Candle, and unopening Door:
While the gaunt Maſtiff, growling at the Gate,
Affrights the Begger whom he longs to eat.
Not ſo his Son, he mark'd this overſight,
And then miſtook reverſe of wrong for right:
For what to ſhun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed.
What ſlaughter'd Hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious Squire and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motive this profuſion draws,
His Oxen periſh in his Country's cauſe.
'Tis the dear Prince (Sir John) that crowns thy cup,
And Zeal for his great Houſe that eats thee up.
The woods recede around the naked ſeat,
The ſylvans groan — no matter — "for the Fleet."
Next goes his wool — "to clothe our valiant bands:"
Laſt, for his country's love, he ſells his lands.
Bankrupt, at Court in vain he pleads his cauſe,
His thankleſs Country leaves him to her Laws.

The

The Senſe to value Riches, with the Art
T'enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiouſly perſu'd,
Not ſunk by ſloth, nor rais'd by ſervitude;
To balance Fortune by a juſt expence,
Joyn with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
With Splendor Charity, with Plenty Health;
Oh teach us, BATHURST yet unſpoil'd by wealth!
That ſecret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good nature, and of mean Self-love.

To want or worth, well-weigh'd, be bounty given,
And eaſe, or emulate, the care of Heaven.
Whoſe meaſure full, o'erflows on human race,
Mends Fortune's fault, and juſtifies her grace.
Wealth in the groſs is Death, but Life diffus'd;
As Poyſon heals, in juſt proportion us'd:
In heaps, like Ambergriſe, a ſtink it lies,
But well diſpers'd, is Incenſe to the ſkies.

Who ſtarves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?
The wretch that truſts them, and the rogue that cheats.
Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon
Without a Fidler, Flatt'rer, or Buffoon?

Whoſe

Whoſe Table, Wit, or modeſt Merit ſhare,
Un-elbow'd by a Gameſter, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Yours or OXFORD's better part,
To eaſe th' oppreſs'd, and raiſe the ſinking heart?
Where-e'er he ſhines, oh Fortune gild the ſcene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There Engliſh Bounty yet a while may ſtand,
And Honor linger, e're it leaves the Land.

But all our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe honeſt Muſe! and ſing the Man of Roſs:
Pleas'd Vaga ecchoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods ypon mountains ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe Cauſe-way parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe Seats the weary Traveller repoſe?
Who feeds yon Alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where Age and Want ſit ſmiling at the gate?

Who taught that heav'n-directed Spire to riſe?
The Man of Roſs, each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The Man of Roſs divides the weekly bread:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? the Man of Roſs relieves;
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing Quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile Attornies, now an uſeleſs race.
"Thrice happy man! enabled to perſue
"What all ſo wiſh, but want the pow'r to do.
"Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
"What mines to ſwell that boundleſs Charity?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſt — five hundred pounds a year. †
Bluſh Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your blaze.
Ye little *Stars!* hide your diminiſh'd rays.

† This Perſon, who with no greater Eſtate, perform'd all theſe good Works, and whoſe true Name was almoſt loſt (partly by having the Title of the *Man of Roſs* given him by way of Eminence, and partly by being buried without any Inſcription) was called Mr. *John Kyrle:* He died in the Year 1724, aged near 90, and lies buried in the Chancel of the Church of Roſs in Herefordſhire.

"And

"And what? no Monument, Inſcription, Stone?
"His Race, his Form, his Name almoſt unknown?
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go ſearch it there †, where to be born and die,
Of Rich and Poor makes all the hiſtory:
Enough that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd, by the Ends of Being, to have been.
When H*p*s dies, a thouſand Lights attend
The Wretch, who living ſav'd a Candle's end:
Should'ring God's altar a vile Image ſtands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long Wig which Gorgon's ſelf might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian ſtone.
Behold! what bleſſings Wealth to Life can lend,
And ſee, what comfort it affords our End!

In the worſt Inn's worſt room, with matt half-hung,
The floors of plaiſter, and the walls of dung;
On once a flockbed, but repair'd with ſtraw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow ſtrove with dirty red,

† The Pariſh-Regiſter.

Great

Great Villers lies — alas! how chang'd from him,
That Life of Pleaſure, and that Soul of Whym,
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove
The Bow'r of wanton Sh * * * y and Love;
Or juſt as gay, at Council, in a ring
Of mimick'd Stateſmen and the merry King.
No Wit to flatter, left of all his ſtore!
No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this Lord of uſeleſs thouſands ends!

His Grace's fate ſage Cutler could foreſee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
"That I can do, when all I have is gone."
Reſolve me Reaſon, which of theſe is worſe?
Want with a full, or with an empty purſe:
Thy Life more wretched, Cutler, was confeſs'd;
Ariſe, and tell me, was thy Death more bleſs'd?
Cutler ſaw Tenants break, and houſes fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only Daughter in a Stranger's Pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a Dow'r.

A few

A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that ſold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Baniſh'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel; the want of what he had.
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,
"Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a Name?"

Say, for ſuch worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both, in this, their own reward?
That knotty point, my Lord, ſhall I diſcuſs,
Or tell a Tale? — A Tale — it follows thus.

Where * London's Column pointing at the skies
Like a tall a Bully, lifts the head, and lyes:
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name.
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth —
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's.

* The Monument built in Memory of the Fire of London, with an Inſcription importing that City to have been burn'd by the Papiſts.

Conſtant at Church, and Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.

The Dev'l was piqu'd, ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich Ship-wrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, he cracks his jokes:
"Live like your ſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmok'd upon the board.

Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt Factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the Knight; the Knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the Rogue was bit:
Some Scruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat,
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice,
"And am ſo clear too, of all other Vice."

The Tempter ſaw his time; the work he ply'd,
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide;
And all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent,
In one abundant Show'r of *Cent. per Cent.*
Sinks deep within him and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs *Director* and ſecures his Soul.

Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit,
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn,
His Compting-houſe imploy'd the Sunday-morn;
Seldom at church, ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife.
There (ſo the Dev'l ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide,
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the fair)
The well-bred Cuckolds in St. James's air:
Firſt, for his ſon a gay commiſſion buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.

His

His daughter flaunts a Viſcount's tawdry wife,
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to Play: ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The Houſe impeach him; Co** by harangues,
The Court forſakes him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan! are thy prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies.

P. 13. Ver. 13. for ypon read yon.